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will express our meaning, without deranging the economy of the versification. Thus, by degrees an immense multitude of words will be brought under command, a knowledge of their several qualities and powers will be acquired, and such will their state of arrangement that they will be easily found upon every emergency.

But the most frequent, and indeed the most serious charge against young versifiers, is that they so seldom produce any thing of merit. This objection has some foundation, and would be decisive, if it could be likewise proved that excellency is not in poetry as in other arts, the result of practice. But this can never be proved. Every talent of the mind is progressive; and though practice will not always produce excellence, yet excellence can seldom be attained without long and laborious practice.

If the above premises be correct, it may be concluded that the productions of a young writer, are more conducive to his own improvement than to that of his readers. But it by no means follows that the productions of a young writer, are entirely unworthy the attention of others. The first efforts of youth sometimes possess a boldness and an originality that cannot but give pleasure to every candid mind. Unfeitered by the customs and prejudices of the world, it may sometimes be given them to withdraw from the altar of truth that veil which has resisted the efforts of age and experience.

Turn not then with disdain, you veterans in the fields of literature, from the humble attempts of the inexperienced and feeble. Your smile may animate them to a nobler daring, but your contempt may extinguish for ever that ardour without which excellency can hardly be attained.

L.C.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

WHO was the real author of the letters signed Junius has long been a subject of discussion in the political world, and it is certainly a phenomenon in politics, that after a lapse of forty years, the author of a work which acquired so much celebrity on its appearance, should remain unknown: vanity which operates in general so much on literary, as well as other men, in favour of their own productions, must have been overpowered by other strong feelings to produce that secrecy which excites our astonishment. Whether the secret is deposited in the breast of any person now living, or whether Junius yet lives, is uncertain. Horne Tooke, one of his ablest antagonists, still hovers over the grave, and many others of his contemporaries remain; but as most of the personages mentioned in those letters are no more, and as a prosecution on account of them can no longer be dreaded, it is more than probable the secret was confined to Junius, and now rests with him in the silent tomb.

Various persons have been named as the supposed author, among others the late Hugh M'Aulay Boyd, a native and an ornament of this county. This opinion seems to have given great umbrage to your correspondent A.P. in your Magazine for December last, and with much confidence he charges the London printers with impudence in lately attempting to palm this opinion on a public equally inquisitive and credulous. To what publication A.P. alludes I am not certain; the latest I have seen on the subject was published in London, in 1800, and is entitled, "The miscellaneous works of Hugh Boyd, the author of the letters of Junius." The perusal of this work has led me to form a different opinion

from that of A.P., but as it is a question in which I feel some interest, I shall be very much obliged to your correspondent to point out the work to which he alludes. He appears to found his opinion principally on the inability of Mr. Boyd to write such letters, and adduces the letter which you have published as a proof of it. I am satisfied, however, that there are many persons living in the county of Antrim, who remember Mr. Boyd well, who have a very different opinion of his talents, and are persuaded he was fully equal to the task. When A.P. communicates the title of the work or works to which he alludes, I shall state more fully the reasons which have governed the opinion of

A Native of the County of Antrim.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

ON THE EVILS OF WAR; WITH A FEW
REMARKS ON THE CIVILIZATION OF
THE INDIANS.

THE disinterestedness evinced in the labours of many of our American brethren, towards promoting the civilization of their Indian neighbours, and the success attending their labours, cannot but feel highly grateful to every humane mind, whilst the alarm of war, and the preparations for hostile measures, awaken in the breast of genuine sensibility, sensations of grief and pity.

How melancholy the reflection, that mankind (and man is formed to cultivate the best affections,) instead of embracing the means put into their hands of helping and assisting one another, and delighting to enjoy the blessings of mutual intercourse, should employ all the powers of the mind in continually devising some new method with which to vex and torment each other.

But so it is, that to forward the designs of selfish and corrupt systems of policy, how frequently do we see the peace and safety of states sacrificed, the blood and treasure of nations exhausted, and fresh disasters daily added to the catalogue of human woes.

Alas! that man should indulge in habits so pernicious to the welfare of his species, and so opposite to the good he is capable of pursuing; and of arriving at.

Would that the fomenters of public discord, and the cherishers of the flames of war, would cease their inglorious toil, and by turning their attention to objects more worthy of rational pursuit, suffer the earth to enjoy even a short respite from those cruel bickerings and violent commotions, that have long agitated her peace. Let them pause for a moment, and reflect on the many tragical events to which the world is witness, from their restless ambition, and unceasing struggles for ascendancy. To how much better purpose might the application of their powers be directed!

A large field of action, quite of another kind than that of blood and warfare, invites for the exercise of their labours. Instead of leading on to scenes that disgrace the human character, let them join in the lists with those benevolent few, who seek by all means in their power to increase the comfort, not add to the wretchedness of their race, and whose hearts beat with eagerness to behold those chains dissolved that bind the affections, and separate man from his brother, even in those climes where it is said that the light of knowledge has sprung up, and dispelled those mists of ignorance that held them in darkness. Would that their actions and their deeds were such as could give proof of the degrees of light and knowledge,